

Billy's Note To Steve by loopylujane

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Summary:

Billy's already studied this topic in class and he's bored.

Billy's Note To Steve

The trouble with being in advanced classes, changing schools, and then being put into regular classes, is that you're most likely repeating work you've already done. This is Billy Hargrove's current problem. That and the fact that he is sitting directly behind Steve Harrington and where Steve has hunched over his desk, his shirt has risen up. The little sliver of skin between Steve's jeans and his shirt is driving Billy insane.

Every so often, Steve moves a little more and Billy gets a little peek of the dimples at the bottom of Steve's spine. Billy wants to kiss those stupid dimples something awful. He knows Steve would let him, he has before. Billy can almost hear Steve's breathy laugh as his lips had ghosted his back.

Billy tears his eyes away from Steve and leans back in his chair. He tilts the seat on its back legs and stares at the ceiling for a minute. At this rate, he isn't going to make it to lunchtime, let alone the end of the day. He's got to get out. Preferably with Steve. He lets his chair fall forward with a thud that makes a few people turn to look at him. Steve doesn't turn. Billy huffs, okay I'll try harder then...

Billy leans forward and taps Steve on the shoulder, Steve ignores him so he taps again.

"What?" Steve pauses scribbling his notes and glances back towards Billy.

"Got a pencil I could borrow?" Billy asks sweetly.

Steve is suspicious, he knows Billy hasn't been working for at least the last twenty minutes of the lesson so why would he start now? He hands over a pencil anyway and carries on, he tries to ignore Billy as much as he can but fuck it, he's curious. He can hear him opening a book, now he's writing something. Maybe he is studying after all? Then Steve hears the paper being ripped from its book and feels it hit the back of his head. He rolls his eyes and sighs.

"Should have known fucking better," Steve mutters to himself before

leaning down to pick up the wad of paper. He straightens it out on his desk and can't help grinning as he reads, 'Do you want to fuck?' It's the lopsided smiley face that gets him. He folds the paper and turns to put it in his backpack.

Billy is waiting for his answer, head resting on one hand, tapping Steve's pencil on his notebook with the other. Steve turns and Billy raises his eyebrows at him.

"My car, after school." Steve offers,

"Lunchtime." Billy counters with a smile that he knows Steve can't say no to.

"...okay." Steve accepts and turns back around in his seat. He glances not so subtly at the clock. Twenty minutes until lunchtime. Fuck.

The bell rings eventually and they're out the door and into Steve's car before anyone can stop them. Steve parks up on a country lane, just off the side of the road where there are enough trees to hide the car, Billy doesn't wait for Steve to cut the engine before he's climbing through the front seats to get to the back. Steve laughs as he's tugged back, landing between Billy's legs less than gracefully. They don't care, Billy pulls him down hard and he finally gets his mouth on Steve. They kiss hard, a little too much desperation but it's good enough and they're happy. Billy's hands wander up and under Steve's shirt, fingers finally tracing those dimples like he wanted to. Steve makes a funny little sound in the back of his throat and pulls back to catch his breath. Billy looks up at him, pink-lipped and flushed already and they're barely even started.

"That note was a good idea." Steve decides before leaning back down to catch Billy in another kiss. Slightly softer and slower now, they've got time.

"Did you like the smiley face?" Billy asks and Steve groans. His boyfriend is an idiot.

"Shut. Up." Steve mutters between kisses trailing along Billy's jaw. Billy can feel him smiling against his skin - Steve's not mad, his Steve is never mad.